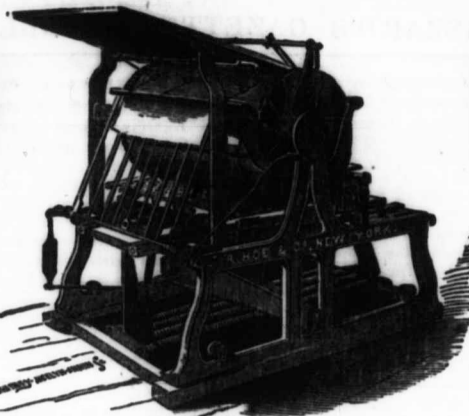


HASZARD'S FARMERS' COMMERCIAL PUBLISHED ON EVERY



GAZETTE JOURNAL & ADVERTISER. WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY.

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HASZARD'S GAZETTE. Wednesday, October 17, 1855.

We issue to-day a whole sheet, in order to put our readers in possession of the details of the Storming of Sebastopol. In our last we gave in part the London Times version of the affair, and have finished it in this issue; we also give to day, the Daily News, account, which differs in a few particulars.

We were rather disappointed in not receiving by the last Mail, accounts of further successes on the part of the Allies, and were in hopes, that the fall of Sebastopol had led to the evacuation of the Crimea by the Russians, or at least an attempt by the discomfited army, to make good their retreat from the scene of their late disaster. It would seem, however, that such a contingency is not as certain as was supposed, the enemy being still in a position so secure, and so well fortified, that it will take some hard fighting yet before he is dislodged. Some of the English papers pretend to depreciate the conquest that has been effected at the cost of so much blood and treasure. "Odesa and Nicolaieff," say they, "are the ports in which the true strength of the Czar lies. Sebastopol is but a harbor for refuge from the storms of winter." There may be some truth in the assertion, that Odesa and Nicolaieff are more important places than Sebastopol, and that the loss of them would have been a severe blow, there can be no doubt. Still, if it be the firm determination of the Allies—as we trust it is—to deprive Russia of its supremacy in the Black Sea, we cannot see how they could have better begun than with this same harbor of refuge. And is it nothing that the enemy's fleet has been so completely, and we may add—so disgracefully, annihilated? If Odesa and Nicolaieff must fall, before a permanent peace is established, their capture or destruction is surely facilitated by the previous one of Sebastopol. It may seem impertinent in us, at such a distance from the scene of action, and whose information is all at second-hand, to offer any opinion as to what may be the ultimate result; still, we cannot refrain from a wish, that another decisive blow may be yet struck, either by the reduction of some important fortresses in the Baltic, or the defeat or dispersion of the Crimean army. In such case, the prestige that would attend the arms of the Allies would have a material effect on the terms, that they would be able to dictate, and would be the means of bringing Sweden to a determination to declare openly for the Allies, as well as of compelling Austria to relinquish her vacillating policy, and join with England and France in prescribing such definite limits to the power of Russia as will secure Europe against any future attempts on the part of the Autocrat to add to the territorial acquisitions of his already overgrown empire. The power of the Emperor of the Russians is undoubtedly great, but, like all despots, it stands upon an uncertain basis. A revolution—not of opinion—for Russia is too ignorant to have an opinion, but of feeling, occasioned by the continuous demands of men and money, the distresses of the commercial men, and consequently of the landholders, may do more towards compelling Alexander to submit than all that has yet taken place.

CRITICISM.—Last evening the City Recorder having been called upon to say when his opinion touching the report of the Committee on the Common of Charlottetown might be expected, answered that he would be prepared to give it on Wednesday next the 24th instant. Some conversation ensued about the interest taken in the matter by the public, and it was suggested that an intimation of the Recorder's intention should be given in the public papers. The Council met at 7 o'clock in the evening.

Nothing so much pleases us, as the growing taste for the conveniences of life, which is every day developing itself among people of all classes. One of the best signs of increasing prosperity, is the demand for such articles as tend to make home more attractive. Our imports are not only increasing in number and value, but also in variety; and the man whose purse contains a few "splendid shillings," or more splendid sovereigns, may find the materials of enjoying life in Prince Edward Island with satisfaction and comfort, and in the possession of all the necessaries, and of very many of the luxuries of life. We were led into these reflections, by a walk through the premises of Mr. William B. Dawson, where was presented to our rather astonished vision, such a collection of Stoves, of all kinds and sizes, and of such varieties, as to suffice to meet the wants of all from the wealthiest to the most humble and unpretending. We were shown a Cooking Stove, intended to be heated by coal, which is so arranged, that the fire burns from the bottom, leaving no cinder, and to a certain degree, consuming its own smoke—Arnott's invention, we think. We would willingly describe it, but that could not be done without diagrams. It is well worth the examining. A splendid marble mantle-piece, with a stove-grate to accompany it, would become one of our aristocratic drawing rooms; while at the side of it, may be seen one of those useful appendages of the same sort, though different in degree, that would be extremely appropriate for an apartment that "served for parlor and kitchen, and hall." Not a little gratified were we with seeing an immense copper boiler, encased in wood, in the act of being filled with water, to be heated for the purposes of the Tannery. The erection of such implements of trade, is another gratifying proof of progress. We wish our young friend the success that his exertions and enterprise merit.

POLICE COURT. Jane Byers, drunk and disorderly; convicted and fined 5s., or to be imprisoned 48 hours. Complaint lodged by Sergeant and Corporal of embodied Militia in this Garrison, that liquor was attempted to be introduced to the Barrack, contrary to order; but, owing to the tender years of the child with whom the liquor was discovered, she could not be sworn to prove the party from whom she obtained the liquor. Patrick Gormly, for assault on Police Constable Meabe, while in the discharge of his duty as such Constable at the fire which occurred at Mr. Joseph McLellan's Shop, on Friday night, convicted; fined 10s., with costs, or to be imprisoned 14 days. Oct. 9.—John Murphy, drunk and disorderly; convicted; fined 5s., or to be imprisoned 48 hours. 10th.—James Buff, for assault on Mathew Lannon; convicted; fined 20s., with costs, or to be imprisoned 1 month. 12th.—Daniel Fraser, for threatening language to Thomas Parsons; ordered to give security to keep the peace for 6 months, in the sum of £20 himself, and two sureties in £10 each, with costs, or to be imprisoned till such security be obtained. 15th.—James Brehaut, for selling Spirituous Liquors in less than one quart, without Licence, convicted; fined £5, with costs, or to be imprisoned 1 month. Oct. 15.—Councillor for this week, Richard Hearts, Esq.

NOTICE. THOSE Persons who bought goods at Lauchlan McLEOD'S sale on the Princedown Road, on the 24th day of April last and gave their notes of hand for the same, are hereby informed, that their notes are in my possession for collection and will be due the 24th day of Oct. 1855; if not paid when due, they will be used for without further notice. W. H. GARDINER, Auctioneer. 9th Oct. 1855.

Bricks! Bricks! FOR Sale at the 3 Mile Run, Malpeque Road, and at the Store of HASZARD & OWEN.

Birth, At the Warren Farm, on the 15th inst., Mrs. Loyal of a daughter.

Married, At the Catholic Chapel, Charlottetown, on Tuesday, the 9th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Phelan, P. P., Mr. William Koughan, to Eliza, second daughter of David Wilson, Esq., all of this town. At St. Paul's Church, Chatham, Miramichi, Sept. —, by the Rev. Samuel Bacon, Rector, James Alexander, Esq., of Liverpool, England, to Jane, second daughter of the Hon. Thomas H. Peters, Chatham.

At Charlottetown, on the 12th instant, at the Catholic Chapel, by the Rev. Mr. Phelan, John Walsh, printer, to Mary, second daughter of Mr. William Murphy, all of this City. At Montague, Three Rivers, on the 22d of Aug., by Mr. John Butcher, Mr. George Keith, to Mrs. Sarah M'Lellan.

Died, At Stanhope, on the 12th Oct., after a severe burn by her clothes catching fire, from which she lingered 14 hours, Janet Brodie; widow of the late Peter Brodie, aged 76 years, native of Glasgow, G. B. Her end was peace.

Passengers, In the Ship Majestic from Liverpool, G. B., on Friday evening—Hon. W. W. Lord, Captains Beaton, James Atkinson and Slesner; Messrs. A. Lord, Chas. McDonald, Chas. Stanfield, Watson, Bryson and Fraser; and 23 steerage passengers (emigrants.) See last page for Shipping News and New Ads.

Building Lots for Sale. FOR Sale or Lease a few desirable Building Lots situate in the Town of Stratford, Lot 45, opposite Charlottetown. For terms apply to BENJAMIN DAVIES. Oct. 17, 1855.

NOTICE. THE Subscriber having been appointed by Power of Attorney, from the Heirs of the Estate of the late DONALD McDONALD, of Glenaladale, deceased, dated 24 September, and 10th October, is empowered to sell or lease all their Lands on the Island, and to collect all Debts, Rents, Arrears of Rents, Promissory Notes and Book Accounts, &c. JOHN ARCH. McDONALD, Agent. Glenaladale, Oct. 13.

All persons desirous of purchasing or leasing Lands, will do well to call on the Agent as soon as possible for the best Farms will be first taken. Two MILL SITES to let. Any person or persons found trespassing on the above Estate, either by cutting, hauling Timber, making Roads, banking or boxing Trees, or in any other way damaging or destroying the said Property, will be prosecuted to the utmost rigor of the Law.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of the late DONALD McDONALD, Glenaladale, are requested to settle their Accounts immediately, or steps must be taken to enforce payment. JOHN ARCH. McDONALD, Agent. Oct. 13.

To be Let, THAT excellent Stand, known as the "Manchester House," 8dney Street, possession given immediately. Apply to JOHN ARCH. McDONALD.

Bargains! Bargains!! AT the Subscriber's SALE ROOM, opposite Mr. Peake's Store.— 6 most approved American COOKING STOVES, 5 large Wood Stoves, (second hand,) 4 casks BRANDY, 10 bbls. Ship Bread, 1 coil 6 inch Shroud Rope, 1 set Standing Rigging, (second hand) for a Vessel of 60 tons, 1 Windlass Rim and Falls, 110 bars 3; 500 do 2; 150 do 1 inch, 27 do 1 1/2 inch Round IRON, and 75 bars of flat and square refined IRON. Terms.—Cash on delivery. BENJAMIN DAVIES. October 16, 1855.—Ez 4i

MISS DOUGLAS intends opening a SCHOOL, for the instruction of young Ladies, in the English Branches, in CAPT. DODD'S new Building, on Pownall Street, next door above J. Purdie's, Esq. Miss D. trusts, that her experience in teaching for the last five years in the United States, will enable her to give satisfaction to those who may favor her with a share of their patronage. The School will open on the 1st of NOVEMBER. Terms moderate. Charlottetown, October 16th, 1855.

For the benefit of all concerned. TO BE SOLD, on THURSDAY next, the 18th instant, at 11 o'clock, a.m., the Hull, Spars and Materials of the Brig "MELBOURNE," of Prince Edward Island, burthen 225 tons, O. M., where she now lies wrecked at Souris Cape. Also, the cargo of the said vessel, consisting of 208 pieces Birch Timber; 968 pieces Spruce Deals; 211 pieces Deal Ends; 2 Cords Lathwood. JOHN McDONALD, Auctioneer. Souris, Oct. 15.

LONDON HOUSE. New Fall Goods for '55. "ISABEL," from Liverpool, the subscriber has received part of his FALL SUPPLY of BRITISH GOODS, suitable for the season, which he offers at prices hitherto unequalled in the market, for prompt payment. A further supply daily expected per "Sir Alexander," from London, and "Majestic," from Liverpool. HENRY HASZARD. Great George Street, Charlottetown, Oct. 15.

American House. No. 12, Grafton Street. JUST RECEIVED, per Schooner "Saxe Gotha," from Boston, and "Superb," from Halifax, the following large

Stock of Goods, which the subscriber offers for sale, wholesale and retail, on moderate terms:— 20 chests TEA, 50 boxes do. 6 pancheons Molasses, 50 boxes Raisins, 15 do. Candies, 20 do. SOAP, 100 sides Sole Leather, 20 boxes Glass, 1 case Indigo, 100 pairs India Rubber Shoes, 50 Clocks, 100 Axes, 25 barrels Pilot Bread, 10 barrels Crackers, 10 do. Nuts, Barrels Crushed Sugar, do. Currants, Shoe Thread, Carriers' Knives, Clearing Stones, Barrels Seal Oil, do. Lard Oil, do. Olive Oil, do. Whale Oil; Putty, 100 boxes assorted Confectionery, 100 do. Lozenges, Corn Starch; 20 barrels APPLES, 20 do. Onions, 5 lbs. Sugar; 10 SOFAS, 40 Bedsteads, 6 Mattresses, 3 Lounges, 10 Children's Crisbs, 200 Chairs, of every description, Buckets, Brooms, Hay Forks, Manure do., Shingle Hatchets, Clothes Lines, Fluid Lamps, Cruet Stands, Spoon Holders, Sugar Bowls, Lanterns, Room Paper, Paper Curtains, Looking Glasses, Mortice Locks and Latches, Molasses Gates, Zinc and Iron Shoe Nails, Whips, Wood Saws, Blacking, Ginger, Matches, Starch, Rim Locks, Mineral and Brass Knobs, Sand Paper, Sleigh Bells, boxes Tobacco, Pepper, Coffee, Saleratus, Washing Powder, Cheese, Crackers. WILLIAM B. DAWSON. October 15.

Stoves!! Stoves!!! A BETTER ARTICLE, and for less money, than was ever offered for sale in this City. The subscriber has just received, from the City of Albany,— 150 Stoves, of every description of style and pattern, including several new patents; as well as his late STOCK on hand, which he solicits his friends and the public generally, to call and examine to judge for themselves. WILLIAM B. DAWSON. October 15.

J. D. Archibald HAS JUST RECEIVED a large supply of valuable BOOKS, per Schooner "Julia." For sale at the Shop occupied by Mr. JAMES McLEOD, Taylor, Upper Queen Street. Charlottetown, Oct. 15.

WANTED. For a Grist Mill, who thoroughly understands business, to whom liberal wages Apply to JESSE WRIGHT, Sept. 26. No Man preferred.



of the Prince Edward Islander. WAY'S OINTMENT.

MINIARY CURE OF ASTHMA!! LADY SEVENTY FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

From Mr. Thomas Weston, (Book onto, dated the 9th October, 1854.olloway. le compels me to make known to you 7y benefit an aged parent has derived your Pills. My mother was afflicted four and twenty years with asthma blood; it was quite agony to see her her cough; I have often declared, that I possessed to have her cured; but a large sum for medicine and advice, purpose. About three months ago, I your Pills might benefit her; at all ed to give them a trial, which I did; a marvellous by slow degrees, my e better, and after persevering with for nine weeks, she was perfectly v enjoys the best of health, although ars old. I remain, Sir, Your obliged, (Signed) THOMAS WESTON.

TABLE CURE OF DROPSY. KING TAPPED THREE TIMES. Letter from Anthony Smith, Esq to Scotia, dated the 25th August, 185 followay,

to add my testimony to the value of cases of dropsy. For nine months I atest torture with this distressing com- pted three times, and finally given up; having become in appearance as if with no more strength in me than a n. It was then, that I thought of ls, and immediately sent for a quantity, ced using them. The result I can even now, although true it is. After four weeks, I felt much better, and with them, at the expiration of two is completely cured. I have since en- of health. I am, Sir, Yours sincerely (Signed) ANTHONY SMITH.

CURE OF GENERAL DEBILITY & LIVER COMPLAINT!! Letter from William Reeves, of down, Prince Edward Island, dated 17th Nov. 1854.olloway,

happy to say, that your Pills have re- health after suffering for nine years intense general debility and languor, bowels were also much deranged for hat time. I tried many medicines, but no good to me, until I had recourse to taking which, and following the printed seven weeks I was cured, after every failed to the attainment of my neig- nants, and friends. I shall ever feel as for this astonishing restoration to ill recommend your Pills to all sufferers, duty to do so. remain, Sir, your humble servant, (Signed) WILLIAM REEVES.

ted Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints: Dropsy, Inflammation, Jaundice, Dysentery, Liver Com- plaints, Erysipelas, Liver Com- plaints, Female Irregulari- nts, Lumbago, Piles, Rheumatism, Gout, Retention of Urine, Head-ache, Scrofula, or King's Evil, Stone and Gravel, Tonic, Venereal Affections, Worms, all kinds of Weakness, from whatever cause, &c.

Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY (near Temple Bar,) London, and by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines to Civilized World, at the following Sole Wholesale Agent for P. E. Island, GEORGE T. HASZARD, Sole Wholesale Agent for P. E. Island.

NEWS BY THE ENGLISH MAIL.

The Storming of Sebastopol.

EXPULSION FROM THE REDAN.

Sir Edward Codrington asked Col. Windham if he thought he really could do anything with such supports as he could afford, and said he might take the Royals, who were then in the parallel. "Let the officers come out in front—let us advance in order, and if the men keep their formation, the Redan is ours," was the Colonel's reply; but he spoke too late—for at that very moment our men were seen leaping down into the ditch, or running down the parapet of the salient, and through the embrasures out of the work into the ditch, while the Russians followed them with the bayonet and with heavy musketry, and even threw stones and grapeshot at them as they lay in the ditch!!! The fact was, that the Russians having accumulated several thousands of men behind the breastwork, and seeing our men all scattered and confused behind the inner parapet of the traverse, crossed the breastwork, through which several field-pieces were now playing with grape on the inner face of the Redan, and charged our broken groups with the bayonet, at the same time that the rear ranks, getting on the breastwork, poured a heavy hail of bullets on them over the heads of the advancing column. The struggle that took place was short, desperate and bloody. Our soldiers, taken at every disadvantage, met the enemy with the bayonet too, and isolated combats took place in which the brave fellows who stood their ground (all honor to them!) had to defend themselves against three or four adversaries at once. In this melee, the officers, armed only with their swords, had little chance; nor had those who carried pistols much opportunity of using them in such a rapid contest. They fell like heroes, and many a gallant soldier with them. The bodies of English and Russians inside the Redan, locked in an embrace which death could not relax, but had rather cemented all the closer, lay next day inside the Redan, as evidences of the terrible animosity of the struggle. But the solid weight of the advancing mass, urged on, and fed each moment from the rear, by company after company and battalion after battalion, prevailed at last against the isolated and disjointed band, who had abandoned the protection of unanimity of courage, and had lost the advantages of discipline and obedience. As though some giant rock had advanced into the sea, and forced back the waters that buffeted it, so did the Russian columns press down against the spray of soldiery which frothed their edge with fire and steel, and contended in vain against their weight. The struggling band was forced back by the enemy, who moved on, crushing friend and foe beneath their solid tramp, and, bleeding, panting, and exhausted, our men lay in heaps in the ditch beneath the parapet, sheltered themselves behind stones and in bomb-craters in the slope of the work, or tried to pass back to our advanced parallel and sap, and had to run the gauntlet of a tremendous fire. Many of them lost their lives, or were seriously wounded in this attempt.

APPALLING SCENE IN THE DITCH.

The scene in the ditch was appalling, although some of the officers have assured me that they and the men were laughing at the precipitation with which many brave and gallant fellows did not hesitate from plunging headlong upon the mass of bayonets, muskets, and sprawling soldiers—the ladders were all knocked down or broken, so that it was difficult for the men to get up at the other side, and the bodies of the dying, the wounded, and the sound were all lying in heaps together. The Russians came out of the embrasures, plied them with stones, grape shot, and the bayonet, but were soon forced to retire by the fire of our batteries and riflemen, and under cover of this fire many of our men escaped to the approaches. In some instances, the enemy persisted in remaining outside in order to plunder the bodies of those who were lying on the slope of the parapet, and paid the penalty of their rashness in being stretched beside their foes; but others came forth on a holier errand and actually brought water to our wounded. If this last act be true, it is but right to discredit the story that the Russians placed our wounded over the magazine in the rear of the Redan, near the Barrack Battery, ere they fired it—the only foundation for which, as far as I can discover, is that many of the bodies of our men found in the Redan were dreadfully scorched and burnt; but there were many Russians lying in a similar state.

THE FRENCH MESSAGE TO THE BEATEN ENGLISH.

General Pellissier observed the failure of our attack from the rear of the Malakhoff, and sent over to General Simpson to ask, if he intended to attack again. The English Commander-in-Chief is reported to have replied that he did not then feel in a condition to do so. All this time the Guards and Highlanders, the Third and Fourth Divisions, and most of the reserves were untouched. They could, indeed, have furnished materials for another assault, but the subsequent movements of the Russians render it doubtful whether the glory of carry-

ing the Redan, and of redeeming the credit of our arms would not have been dearly purchased by the effusion of more valuable blood. As soon as we abandoned the assault, the firing almost ceased along our front, but in the rear of the Malakhoff there was a fierce contest going on between masses of Russians, now released from the Redan, or drawn from the town, and the French, inside the work: and the fight for the Little Redan, on the proper left of the Malakhoff was raging furiously. Clouds of smoke and dust covered the scene, but the rattle of musketry was incessant, and betokened the severe nature of the struggle below. Through the breaks in the smoke there could be seen now and then a tricolour, surmounted by an eagle, fluttering bravely over the inner parapet of the Malakhoff. The storm of battle rolled fiercely round it, and beat against it; but it was sustained by strong arms and stout hearts, and all the assaults of the enemy were directed in vain against it. We could see, too, our noble allies swarming over into the Malakhoff from their splendid approaches to it from the Mamelon, or rushing with swift steps towards the right, where the Russians continually reinforced, sought in vain to beat back their foes and to regain the key of their position. The struggle was full of interest to us all, but its issue was never doubted. The issue of our assault was the source of deep grief and mortification to us, which all the glorious success of our allies could not alleviate. The French, indeed, have been generous enough to say, that our troops behaved with great bravery, and that they wondered how we kept the Redan so long under such a tremendous fire, but British soldiers are rather accustomed to the *nil admirari* under such circumstances, and praise like that gives pain as well as pleasure. Many soldiers, of the opinion to which I have alluded, think that we should at once have renewed the attempt once made, and it is but small consolation to them to know that General Simpson intended to attack the Redan the following morning.

THE SORT OF SOLDIERS THAT WERE SENT TO ATTACK THE REDAN.

The rapidly-increasing numbers of wounded men, some of whom had left their arms behind them, gave rise to suspicions of the truth; but their answers to many eager questions were not very decisive or intelligible, and some of them did not even know what they were attacked. One poor fellow who was marching stiffly up with a broken arm and a ball through his shoulder, carried off his firelock with him, but he made the naive confession that he had "never fired it off, for he could not." The piece turned out to be in excellent order. It struck one, that such men as these, however brave, were scarcely a fit match for the well drilled soldiers of Russia; and yet we were trusting the honor, reputation, and glory of Great Britain to undisciplined lads from the plough, or the lanes of our towns and villages! As one example of the sort of recruits we have received here recently, I may mention that there was a considerable number of men in draughts which came out last week to regiments in the Fourth Division who had only been enlisted a few days, and who had never fired a rifle in their lives! It must not be imagined, that such rawness can be corrected and turned into military efficiency out here, for the fact is, that this siege has been about the worst possible school for developing the courage and manly self-reliance of a soldier; neither does it teach him the value of discipline and of united action. When he goes into the trenches, he learns to dodge behind gabions and to take pot shots from behind stones and parapets, and at the same time he has no opportunity of testing the value of his comrades, or of proving himself against the enemy on the open field. The natural result follows. Nor was it ominous of good that there have been two courts of inquiry recently on the conduct of two most distinguished regiments—one, indeed, belonging to the highest rank of our infantry, and the other a well-tried and gallant regiment, which was engaged in this very attack, in consequence of the misconduct of their young soldiers during night affairs in the trenches. The old soldiers behaved admirably, and stood by their officers to the last.

According to *Messenger de Bayonne*, the marshal's baton is not the only recompense that the general-in-chief of the French army in the Crimea will receive. It is said that the Emperor intends naming Marshal Pelissier, Duke of Sebastopol.

We learn on good authority, that the French lost only one man in their attack on the Malakhoff before they took possession of that work.

Lord Panmure continues to receive very favourable accounts of the progress towards recovery of the wounded in the attack on the Redan.

Orders have been received at Portsmouth to discontinue any further shipment of shells for the Crimea.

THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE RUSSIANS.

SUNDAY, Sept. 9.—At eight o'clock last night, the Russians began quietly to withdraw from the town, in the principal houses of which they had previously stored up combustibles in order to render Sebastopol a second Moscow. With great art the general kept up a fire of musketry from his advanced posts, as though he intended to renew the attempts to regain the Malakhoff. By two o'clock this morning, the fleet had been scattered and sunk, with the exception of the steamers. About 12.30 the men of the second division on duty in the trenches observed a preternatural silence in the Redan, and some volunteers crept up into it. Nothing could they hear, but the heavy breathing and groans of the wounded and dying, who, with the dead, were the sole occupants of the place. As the Redan was known to be mined, the men were withdrawn, and soon afterwards, the Russian tactics began to develop themselves. About two o'clock flames were observed to break out in different parts of the town. They spread gradually all over the principal buildings. At four o'clock, a stupendous explosion behind the Redan shook the whole camp: it was followed by four other explosions equally startling. The city was enveloped in fire and smoke, and torn asunder with the tremendous shocks of these volences. At 4.45 the Flagstaff and Garden Batteries blew up. At 5.30 two of the southern forts went up into the air, and the effect of these explosions was immensely increased by the rush of a great number of live shells into the air, which exploded in all directions. All this time, a steady current of infantry was passing in unbroken masses to the north side over the bridge, and at 6.45 the last battalions passed over, and the hill sides opposite were alive with their masses. Several small explosions took place inside of the town at 7.10. Columns of black smoke began to rise from the neighbourhood of Fort Paul at 7.12. At 7.15 the connection of the floating bridge with the south side was severed. At 7.16 flames began to ascend from Fort Nicholas. At 8.7 the bridge was floated off in portions to the north side. At 9, several violent explosions took place in the works on our left, opposite the French. The town was by this time in a mass of flames, and the pillar of black, gray, and velvety fat smoke from it seemed to support the very heavens. The French kept up firing guns on the left, probably to keep out stragglers, but ere the Russians left the place, the *Zouaves* and sailors were in it, and engaged busily in plundering. Not a shot was fired to the front and centre. The Vladimir and Gro-monostz were very busy towing boats and stores across. Cavalry and sentries were sent up to prevent any one going into the town, but without much success. I visited a good portion of the place. Explosions occurred all through the day. The plunder was enormous. The following after-order of the day has been issued:—

GENERAL AFTER ORDER.

Head-quarters, Sept. 9.

The Commander of the forces congratulates the army on the result of the attack of yesterday. The brilliant assault and occupation of the Malakhoff by our gallant allies obliged the enemy to abandon the works they have so long held with such bravery and determination. The Commander of the forces returns his thanks to the general officers and men of the second and light divisions, who advanced and attacked with such gallantry the works of the Redan. He regrets, from the formidable nature of the flanking defences, that their devotion did not meet with that immediate success which it so well merited. He condoles and deeply sympathizes with the many brave officers, non-commissioned officers, and men who are now suffering from the wounds they received in the course of their noble exertions of yesterday. He deeply deprecates the death of so many gallant officers and men, who have fallen in the final struggle of this long and memorable siege. Their loss will be severely felt, and their names long remembered in this army and by the British nation. General Simpson avails himself of this opportunity to congratulate and convey his warmest thanks to the general officers, officers, and soldiers of the several divisions, to the Royal Engineers and Artillery, for their cheerful endurance of almost unparalleled hardships and sufferings, and for the unflinching courage and determination which on so many trying occasions they have evinced. It is with equal satisfaction, that the Commander of the forces thanks the officers and men of the naval brigade for the long and uniform course of valuable service rendered by them from the commencement of the siege.—By order,

H. W. BARNARD, Chief of the Staff.

It is difficult, as I have had occasion to observe on former occasions to give, with any pretensions to accuracy, the details of a battle, but it becomes almost impossible to attain correctness in describing such an affair as the assault on the Redan under the peculiar circumstances which attended it. In addition to the smoke of battle, there were flying clouds of dust mingled with sand, which blew right into the faces of the men and swept the hills in their rear, which were crowded with spectators or those who tried to be so, and the irregular-

ity of the ground offered other impediments to their view; but greater than all these obstacles was this, that no one could from any conceivable position in front see what was going on inside the Redan, which seemed to engulf our soldiers within its huge dun-coloured and ragged parapets only to vomit them forth again in diminished numbers. It was all along but too plain to understand, what was taking place within from the external aspect of that ill-fated work, the slopes of which have astonished the world with the sight of British troops in flight twice in two successive attacks on its formidable defences. This Redan has cost us more lives than the capture of Badajoz, not to speak of those who have fallen in the trenches and approaches to it; and, although the enemy evacuated it, we can scarcely claim the credit of having caused them such loss, that they retired owing to their dread of a renewed assault. On the contrary, we must, in fairness admit that the Russian maintained their grip of the place till the French were fairly established in the Malakhoff, and the key of the position was torn from their grasp. They might, indeed, have remained in the place longer than they did, as the French were scarcely in a condition to molest them from the Malakhoff with artillery, and could not be permitted to interfere with our attack, had they been able to send reinforcements to us; but the Russian general is a man of too much genius and experience as a soldier to lose men in defending an untenable position, and his retreat was effected with masterly skill and with perfect ease in the face of a victorious enemy. Covering his rear by the flames of the burning city, and by tremendous explosions, which spoke in tones of portentous warning to those who might have wished to cut off his retreat, he led battalions in narrow files across a deep arm of the sea, commanded by our guns and in the face of a most powerful fleet, paraded them in our sight as they crossed, and carried off all his most useful stores and munitions of war. He left us few trophies and many bitter memories. He sunk his ships and blew up his forts without molestation, save some paltry efforts to break down the bridge by cannon shot, or to shell the troops as they marched over. His steamers towed his boats across at their leisure; and when every man was across, and not till then, the Russians began to dislocate and float off the portions of their bridge and to pull it over to the north side.

Sept. 10.—The town is still burning and in ruins. It is in possession of the French. The following order has been issued on the subject:—Five officers and several men injured by explosions to-day."

PEACE AGITATION AT ST. PETERSBURG.—A private letter from Berlin states, that the news of the taking of Sebastopol has produced at St. Petersburg the utmost consternation. The young Emperor, who appears to desire to be at the head of the peace party, does not spare her reproaches against the war party. She says that if the note of Vienna had been accepted, Russia would have been spared the humiliation of the four points of guarantee demanded by the Allies; and that, if at a later period, those guarantees had been accepted, Russia would have been spared the shame of the defeat of the Tchernaya, and the terrible disaster of the fall of Sebastopol. The journey of the Emperor to the south had been resolved upon before the fall of Sebastopol was known. His object was to raise the spirit of the Russian army, which, according to the reports of Prince Gontschakoff, was greatly broken and depressed. The Russians are much more embarrassed to find men than provisions and munitions of war, especially as one-third at least of the effective troops remain behind on the way, and never come up to their destination.

An imperial decree opens to the Minister of the Interior an extraordinary credit of £ 2,867, 054 from the estimates of 1855, for the purpose of reimbursing the treasury and the city of Lyons for the advances made by them in 1848 for the national workshops. Another decree opens to the Minister of State, an extraordinary credit of £ 110,000 for the expenses of the religious ceremony of the 13th instant, at Notre Dame.

After the arrival of the intelligence of the fall of Sebastopol, the Prussian government inquired of the cabinets of Paris and London, whether it was considered, that a favourable moment for reopening negotiations for peace had arrived. An answer was received in the negative, which was immediately communicated by telegraph to Vienna.

On Saturday morning a company of five Russian deserters was escorted into Woolwich dockyard from Sherburne, in charge of a sergeant of the Royal Marines, to be received on board the *Figard* receiving ship, for a passage to Constantinople, to join the Foreign Legion. They are enthusiastic in expressing their satisfaction at the treatment they receive in their newly adopted country, and confess that they had no reluctance in quitting Russia where their monthly pay was only 15 sd.

THE INTERIOR

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 10.

to abandon the Sebastopol," which months might have been clear what for the enemy, have side, seem prepar side, and to erect of engineering of their wonder of all visit topol is divided— strength of the taken; they are s have defended the around them. I rently in opposi glance at the plac rent contradiction place, that the searching out ev town, and that impossible for th parapet and battos army loss as wo army. Their en and numerous as the requisite for certed attack m rapidity, and m On the other l works themselves our engineers badly traced," it is quite eviden no match for the been enabled to bombardment e months' siege, t of repulsing one subsequent att was only success ly happened to and the inferenc of consummate with artificial to our best of French attack ere this letter t to say that o attacked, the lakhoff on the and the re-ent Work on the k that was a clos dan, the Litt defence on the the attack was obstinate and l defenders. I attacked the t have touched question whic which is not f It is certain weakness, a to defend a p key. Sebaste told the story thousand Fre its commenta it would have have claimed assault on the we had been stained from could offer a ved, a success around the 3 The surpi Sunday mor when the met on fire, and The tremen the very gro failed to dist When I ros Cathcart's cers standi the sleeper doubtful of French, an little dream All was rec Redan, but brisk fire fr to the last s same plan our eyes ar oned it, as i and the silk

THE INTERIOR OF SEBASTOPOL.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 12.—It is delightful to abandon the old heading, "Siege of Sebastopol," which for the last eleven months might have been stereotyped, but it is not clear what is to be put in its place, for the enemy, having abandoned the south side, seem prepared to defend the north side, and to erect there another monument of engineering skill, and to leave there memorials of their dogged resolution. The wonder of all visitors to the ruins of Sebastopol is divided—they are astonished at the strength of the works, and that they were taken; they are amazed, that men could have defended them so long with such ruin around them. These feelings are apparently in opposition to each other, but a glance at the place could explain the apparent contradiction. It is clear, in the first place, that the fire of our artillery was searching out every nook and corner in the town, and that it would become utterly impossible for the Russians to keep any body of men to defend their long line of parapet and battery without such murderous loss as would speedily annihilate an army. Their enormous bomb-proofs, large and numerous as they were, could not hold the requisite force to resist a general concerted attack made all along the line with rapidity, and without previous warning. On the other hand, the strength of the works themselves is prodigious. One hears our engineers feebly saying "they are badly traced," and that kind of thing, but it is quite evident, that the Russian, who is no match for the allies in the open field, has been enabled to sustain the most tremendous bombardment ever known and an eleven months' siege, that he was rendered capable of repulsing one general assault, and that a subsequent attack upon him at four points was only successful at one, which fortunately happened to be the key of his position, and the inference is, that his engineers were of consummate ability, and furnished him with artificial strength that made him equal to our best efforts. The details of the French attack will have been made public ere this letter reaches you. It is sufficient to say that of the three or four points attacked, the Little Redan and the Malakhoff on the right, and the Bastion Central and the re-entering angle of the Flagstaff Work on the left, but one was carried, and that was a closed work. The Great Redan, the Little Redan, and the line of defence on the left were not taken, although the attack was resolute, and the contest obstinate and bloody for both assailants and defenders. Whether we ought to have attacked the Great or Little Redan, or to have touched the left at all, is another question which is ventilated by many, but which is not for me to touch upon or decide. It is certain that the enemy knew his weakness, and was too good a strategist to defend a position of which we held the key. Sebastopol in flames, his ships sunk, told the story next morning, and some ten thousand French and English soldiers were its commentators. Could we have done so, it would have been well for the English to have claimed the honour of joining in the assault on the Malakhoff, the tower of which we had beaten into ruins, and to have abstained from attacking the Redan, which could offer a desperate and, as events proved, a successful resistance, till the works around the Malakhoff were taken.

The surprise throughout the camp on Sunday morning was beyond description, when the news spread that Sebastopol was on fire, and that the enemy were retreating. The tremendous explosions, which shook the very ground like so many earthquakes, failed to disturb many of our wearied soldiers. When I rose ere day-break, and got up to Cathcart's Hill, there were not many officers standing on that favourite spot; and the sleepers who had laid down to rest, doubtful of the complete success of the French, and certain of our own failure, little dreamed that Sebastopol was ours. All was ready for a renewed assault on the Redan, but the Russians having kept up a brisk fire from the rifle pits and embrasures to the last moment, and having adopted the same plan along their lines, so as to blind our eyes and engage our attention abandoned it, as is supposed, about twelve o'clock, and the silence having attracted the atten-

tion of our men, some volunteers crept up and looked through an embrasure, and found the place deserted by all, save by the dead and dying. Soon afterwards, wandering fires gleamed through the streets and outskirts of the town—point after point became alight—the flames shone out of the windows of the houses—rows of mansions caught and burned up, and, ere daybreak, the town of Sebastopol—that fine and stately mistress of the Euxine, on which we had so often turned a longing eye—was on fire from the sea to the Dockyard Creek. Fort Alexander was blown up with a stupendous crash that made the very earth reel, early in the night.

At sunrise, four large explosions on the left followed in quick succession, and announced the destruction of the Quarantine Forts and magazines of the batteries of the Central Bastion and Flagstaff Fort. In a moment afterwards the proper left of the Redan was the scene of a very heavy explosion, which must have destroyed a number of wounded men on both sides. Fortunately the soldiers who had entered it early in the night were withdrawn. The Flagstaff and Garden Batteries blew up, one after another, at 4.45. At 5.30 there were two of the largest and grandest explosions on the left that ever shook the earth—most probably from Fort Alexander and the Grand Magazine. The rush of black smoke, of grey and white vapour, of masses of stone, beams of timber, and masonry into the air was appalling, and then followed the roar of a great bombardment; it was a magazine of shells blown up into the air, and exploding like some gigantic pyrotechnic display in the sky—the effect of the innumerable flashes of fire twittering high up in the column of dark smoke over the town, and then changing rapidly into as many balls of white smoke like little clouds. All this time the Russians were marching with sullen tramp across the bridge, and boats were busy carrying off material from the town, or bearing men to the south side, to complete the work of destruction and renew the fires of hidden mines, or light up untouched houses. Of the fleet, all that remained visible were the eight steamers and the masts of the sunken line of battle ships. As soon as it was dawn, the French began to steal from their trenches into the burning town, undismayed by the flames, by the terrors of these explosions, by the fire of a lurking enemy, or by the fire of their own guns, which kept on slowly discharging cannon shot and grape into the suburbs at regular intervals, possibly with the object of deterring stragglers from risking their lives. But red breeches and blue breeches, kepi and Zouave fez, could soon be distinguished in amid the flames, and moving from house to house. Ere 5 o'clock there were numbers of men coming back with plunder, such as it was, and Russian relics were offered for sale in camp before the Russian battalions had marched out of the city. The sailors, too, were not behindhand in looking for "loot," and Jack could be seen staggering under chairs, tables, and lumbering old pictures, through every street, and making his way back to the trenches with vast accumulations of worthlessness. Several men lost their lives by explosions on this and the following day. At 7, ten several small detonations of shells and powder magazines took place in the town behind the Redan and also on the left of the Dockyard Creek. At 7.12 immense clouds of black smoke rose from behind Fort Paul, probably from a steamer which we found burning in the dockyard. The Russian columns, which had been defiling in a continuous stream across the bridge, now became broken into small bodies, or went over in intermittent masses unscathed by the shot and shell which plunged into the water close beside them. At 6.45 the last dense column marched past, and soon afterwards the bridge was pulled asunder, and the pieces were all floated across the north side at 8.7. The boats did not cease to pull backward and forward all the time, and the steamers were exceedingly busy long after the garrison moved. At nine there were many explosions in the town amid the burning ruins, and the battlements of Fort Paul. As the rush from camp now became very great, and every one sought to visit the Malakhoff and the Redan, which were filled with dead and dying men, a line

of English cavalry was posted across the front from our extreme left to the French right. They were stationed in all the ravines and roads to the town and trenches, with orders to keep back all persons except the generals and staff, and officers and men on duty, and to stop all our men returning with plunder from the town, and to take it from them. As they did not stop the French, or Turks, or Sardinians, this order gave rise to a good deal of grumbling, particularly when a man after lugging up a heavy chair several miles, or a table, or some such article, was deprived of it by our sentries. The French in one instance complained, that our dragoons let English soldiers pass with Russian muskets and would not permit the French to carry off these trophies, but there was not any foundation for the complaint. There was assuredly no jealousy on one side or the other. It so happened that as the remnants engaged on the left against the Malakhoff and Little Redan marched to their tents this morning, our second division was drawn up on the parade ground in front of their camp, and the French had to pass their lines. The instant the leading regiment of Zouaves came up to the spot where our first regiment was placed the men with one spontaneous burst rent the air with an English cheer. The French officers drew their swords, their men dressed up and marched past as if at a review, while regiment after regiment of the second division caught up the cry, and at last our men presented arms to their brave comrades of France, and the officers on both sides saluted with their swords, and this continued till the last man had marched by. Mingled with the plunderers from the front were many wounded men. The ambulances never ceased, now moving heavily and slowly with their burdens, again rattling at a trot to the front for a fresh cargo, and the ground between the trenches and the camp was studded with cacoets or mule litters. Already the funeral parties had commenced their labors. The Russians all this time were swarming on the north side, and took the liveliest interest in the progress of the explosions and conflagrations. They took up ground in their old camps, and swarmed all over the face of the hills behind the northern forts. Their steamers cast anchor, or were moored close to the shore among the creeks, on the north side, near Fort Catharine. By degrees the generals, French and English, and the staff officers, edged down upon the town; but Fort Paul had not yet gone up, and Fort Nicholas was burning, and our engineers declared the place would be unsafe for 48 hours. Moving down, however, on the right flank of our cavalry pickets, a small party of us managed to turn them cleverly, and to get out among the French works between the Mamelon and Malakhoff. The ground is here literally paved with shot and shell, and the surface is deeply honeycombed by the explosion of bombs at every square yard. The road was crowded with Frenchmen, returning with paltry plunder from Sebastopol, and with files of Russian prisoners, many of them wounded, and all dejected, with the exception of a fine little boy, in a Cossack's cap and a tiny uniform great-coat, who seemed rather pleased with his kind captors. There was also one stout Russian soldier, who had evidently been indulging in the popularly credited sources of Dutch courage, and who danced all the way into the camp with a Zouave and an Indigene. There were ghastly sights on the way, too, Russians who had died, or were dying as they lay, brought so far towards the hospitals from the fatal Malakhoff. Passing through a maze of trenches, of gabionades, and of zig-zags and parallels, by which the French had worked their sure and deadly way close to the heart of the Russian defence, and treading gently among the heaps of dead, where the ground bears full tokens of the bloody fray, we came at last to the head of the French sap. It is barely ten yards from that to the base of the huge sloping mound of earth which rises full twenty feet in height above the level, and shows in every direction the grinning muzzles of its guns. The tricolour waves placidly from its highest point, and already the French are busy constructing a semaphore on the top. Step briskly out of the sap—avoid those poor mangled braves who are lying

all around, and come on. There is a deep ditch at your feet, some 20 or 22 feet deep, and 10 feet broad. See, here is the place where the French crossed—here is the bridge of planks, and here they swarmed in upon the unsuspecting defenders of the Malakhoff. They had not ten yards to go. We had 200, and were then out of breath. Were not planks better than scaling ladders? See how easily the French crossed. You observe on your right hand, as you issue from the head of the French trench, a line of gabions on the ground running up to this bridge. That is a flying sap, which the French made the instant they got out of the trench into the Malakhoff, so that they were enabled to pour a continuous stream of men into the works, with comparative safety from the flank fire of the enemy. In the same way they at once dug a trench across the work inside, to see if there were any galvanic wires to fire mines. Mount the parapet and descend—of what amazing thickness are those embrasures! From the level of the ground inside to the top of the parapet cannot be less than 18 feet. There are eight rows of gabions piled one above the other, and as each now recedes towards the top it leaves in the ledge below an excellent banquet for the defenders. Inside the sight is too horrible to dwell upon. The French are carrying away their own and the Russian wounded and there are five distinct piles of dead formed to clear the way. The ground is marked by pools of blood, and the smell is already noisome; swarms of flies settle on dead and dying; broken muskets, torn clothes, caps, shakos, swords, bayonets, bags of bread, canteens, and haversacks are lying in indescribable wreck all over the place, mingled with heaps of shot, of grape, bits of shell, cartridges, case and canister, loose powder, official papers, and cooking tins. The traverses are so high and deep that it is impossible almost to get a view of the whole of the Malakhoff from any one spot, and there is a high mound of earth in the middle of the work, either intended as a kind of shell proof, or the remains of the old White Tower. The guns, which to the number of 60 were found in the work, are all ship's guns, and mounted on ship's carriages, and worked in the same way as ship's guns. There are a few old-fashioned, oddly-shaped mortars. Look around the work, and you will see that the strength of the Russian was his weakness—he fell into his own bomb-proofs. In the parapet of the work may be observed several entrances—very narrow outside, but descending and enlarging downwards, and opening into rooms some four or five feet high and eight or ten square. These are only lighted from the outside by day, and must have been pitch dark at night, unless the men were allowed lanterns. Here the garrison retired when exposed to a heavy bombardment. The odour of these narrow chambers is villainous, and the air reeks with blood and abominations unutterable. There are several of these places, and they might set defiance to the heaviest mortars in the world: over the roof is a layer of ships' masts, cut in junks and deposited carefully; then there is over them a solid layer of earth, and above that a layer of gabions, and above that a pile of earth again. In one of these dungeons, which is excavated in the solid rock, and was probably underneath the old White Tower, the officer commanding seems to have lived. It must have been a dreary residence. The floor and the entrance was littered a foot deep with reports, returns, and perhaps despatches assuring the Czar that the place had sustained no damage. The garrison were in these narrow chambers enjoying their siesta, which they invariably take at twelve o'clock, when the French burst in on them like a torrent, and, as it were, drowned them in their holes. The Malakhoff is a closed work; it is only open at the rear to the town, and the French having once got in, threw open a passage to their own rear, and closed up the front and the lateral communications with the curtains leading to the Great Redan and to the Little Redan. Thus they were enabled to pour in their supports, in order and without loss, in a continued stream, and to resist the efforts of the Russians, which were desperate and repeated, to re-take the place. They brought up their field guns at once, and swept the Russian reserves and

and offered other impediments but greater than all these is, that no one could from any lion in front see what was going on in the Redan, which seemed to lie within its huge dun-colored parapets only to vomit them diminished numbers. It was plain to understand, what was thin from the external aspect work, the slopes of which have world with the sight of British twice in two successive attacks the defences. This Redan has res than the capture of Badajos, f those who have fallen in the approaches to it; and, although stated it, we can scarcely claim- ing caused them such loss, that ing to their dread of a renewed e contrary, we must, in fairness e Russian maintained their see till the French were fairly be Malakhoff, and the key of the torn from their grasp. They have remained in the place long- id, as the French were scarcely to molest them from the Mala- lery, and could not be permitted ith our attack, had they been reinforcements to us; but the Rus- a man of too much genius and soldier to lose men in defend- ble position, and his retreat was masterly skill and with perfect e of a victorious enemy. Cover- of the flames of the burning city, dous explosions, which spoke in tentous warning to those who shed to cut off his retreat, he led narrow files across a deep arm of sanded by our guns and in the powerful fleet, paraded them in ey crossed, and carried off all his rses and munitions of war. He phies and many bitter memories. ships and blew up his forts with- on, save some paltry efforts to be bridge by cannon shot, or to ps as they marched over. His of his boats across at their leisure; ry man was across, and not till sians began to dislocate and float rations of their bridge and to pull north side.

ITATION AT ST. PETERSBURG.—A from Berlin states, that the news of Sebastopol has produced at St. Peter- con- sideration. The young Em- pears to desire to be at the head of rty, does not spare her reproaches at party. She says that if the note been accepted, Russia would have the humiliation of the four points of sanded by the Allies; and that, if at a hose guarantees had been accepted, have been spared the shame of the Tchernaya, and the terrible disaster Sebastopol. The journey of the he south had been resolved upon be- of Sebastopol was known. Its ob- use the spirit of the Russian army, ding to the reports of Prince Gout- greatly broken and depressed. The much more embarrassed to find men and munitions of war, especially e least of the effective troops remain e way, and never come up to their

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lay morning a company of five Russian as escorted into Woolwich dockyard ce, in charge of a sergeant of the Roy- to be received on board the Figard ip, for a passage to Constantinople, to eign Legion. They are enthusiastic in their satisfaction at the treatment they heir newly adopted country, and oco- y had no reluctance in quitting Russia : monthly pay was only 1s 5d.

supports, while Strange's battery from the Quarries carried death through their ranks in every quarter of the Karabelnaia. With the Malakhoff, the enemy lost Sebastopol. The ditch outside towards the north was yet full of French and Russians piled over each other in horrid confusion. On the right, towards the Little Redan, the ground was literally strewn with bodies as thick as they could lie, and in the ditch they were piled over each other. Here the French, victorious in the Malakhoff, met with a heavy loss and a series of severe repulses. The Russians lay inside the work in heaps, like carcasses in a butcher's cart, and the wounds, the blood—the sight exceeded all I had hitherto witnessed. Descending from the Malakhoff we come upon a suburb of ruined houses open to the sea; it is filled with dead. The Russians have crept away into holes and corners of every house to die, like poisoned rats; artillery horses, with their entrails torn open by shot, are stretched all over the space at the back of the Malakhoff, marking the place where the Russians moved up their last column to retake it, under the cover of a heavy field battery. Every house, the church, some public buildings, sentry boxes, all alike are broken and riddled by cannon and mortar. Turning to the left, we proceed by a very tall snow-white wall of great length to the dockyard gateway. This wall is pierced and broken through and through with cannon. Inside are the docks, which, naval men say, are unequalled in the world. A steamer is blazing merrily in one of them. Gates and store sides are splintered and pierced by shot. There are the stately dockyard buildings on the right, which used to look so clean, and white, and spruce. Parts of them are knocked to atoms, and hang together in such shreds and patches that it is only wonderful they cohere. The soft white stones, of which they and the walls are made, are readily knocked to pieces by a cannon shot. Fort Paul is untouched. There it stands, as if frowning defiance at its impending fate, right before us, and warning voices bid all people to retire, and even the most benevolent retreat from the hospital, which is in one of these buildings, where they are tending the miserable wounded. I visited it next day.

**RUSSIA MUST NEVER HAVE THE CRIMEA AGAIN.**

In whatever direction the tide of war may flow for the moment, considerations of humanity of justice, and of policy alike demand that the Crimea should not be restored to Russia. Once put her again in possession of Sebastopol, and a ticket-of-leave man does not more surely recommence the practices to which he is indebted for his title, than Russia returns to her vocation of preparing a descent upon Constantinople. Besides, if we put her again in possession of Sebastopol, she will assuredly take care this time to render it no less impregnable on the land side than she had made it towards the sea. She will turn it into a real Gibraltar, and if the Allies should ever again undertake to besiege it, they will find that they have not one, but many lines of defence, to overcome. Deprived of Sebastopol, it is impossible for Russia to carry into effect her designs against Turkey. The assistance of a fleet is essential to their success. Let the Allies keep the Crimea by maintaining a moderate land force at Perekop, with a small squadron at Sebastopol, and Russia is paralyzed for aggression in the East. Restore Sebastopol to her, and within a quarter of a century, the same work (probably much increased in difficulty) which has just been accomplished, must again be done.

Several of the "navvies" who went from the neighbourhood of West Ham to the Crimea, to construct the railway at Balaklava, have returned home within the last few days. Most of them have saved something considerable out of their earnings, and have brought home several Crimean relics, consisting of Russian muskets, swords, &c.

The leading firms amongst the India rubber manufacturers are very busy—government having contracted for a supply of a superior class of water proof clothing to that hitherto provided for the troops in the Crimea. It has been determined, and wisely, that no waterproof goods but those which are milled, or vulcanised, shall in future be supplied for the use of the troops.

(From the Daily News' Correspondent.)

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, SEPT. 11.—The Union Jack and the Tricolor are at last waving over Sebastopol. Long before the following details of the great achievement by which this glorious result has been accomplished can reach you, the electric telegraph will have spread the news of our triumph throughout England and France, bringing joy to the masses, and sorrow, alas! to many a bereaved home; it remains, therefore, to us, whose slower messenger is the post, merely to furnish the particulars of the struggle which has ended in so glorious, though costly, a success.

When my last letter was being despatched, the final volleys of the bombardment were booming on the ear, and the brave battalions by whom the attack was to be made were parading a few hundred yards from my tent door. The Light and Second Divisions being those selected for our own share of the operation, the regiments of those two most distinguished sections of our army received orders on Friday night to have two days' rations cooked and served out at six o'clock on the following morning. At seven a.m. the first storming party, consisting of 100 men of the 97th Regiment, under Major Welsford, and the first covering party, 100 men of the second battalion of the Rifle Brigade, under Capt. Fyers—paraded, and shortly afterwards marched down to the trenches; where the former took up their position in the new boueyau running out of the centre of the fifth parallel, and the latter in extended order on their left, ready to cover their advance, and keep down the fire from the parapet of the Redan. Half-an-hour later, the second body of stormers, composed of 200 of the 97th under Colonel Handcock, and 300 of the 90th under Captain Grove, followed, and formed immediately behind the first, in the parallel itself. After a similar interval, these again were followed by working parties of 100 men from each of the two Divisions engaged, succeeded, half-an-hour later, by supports of 750 men each from the 19th and 88th Regiments, with part of a brigade of the 2d Division; these were stationed in the fourth parallel, ready for advancing into the fifth as soon as the assault was made. Lastly came the reserves, consisting of the first brigade of the Light Division, who, as the sequel will show, with their usual luck, came in for a share of the actual assault. This, I think, is a tolerably accurate statement of the relative division of the duties of the attack, and of the strength of the parties employed.

As on the 18th of June, it was again arranged that the English should assault the Redan and the French the Malakhoff. The experience of that disastrous occasion, however, taught the necessity of permitting the latter redoubt to be first captured before our own men attempted the former; inasmuch as the guns of the Round Tower effectually commanded the open space over which a force attacking the Redan must cross. To be sure, there was reason to believe, that the Malakhoff had at length been effectually silenced; but a similar notion was entertained on the occasion of the last assault, and its error dearly proved. Every embrasure but one of the Malakhoff had been blocked up as early as daylight of the 7th; but this was no guarantee that the guns had not, as before, been drawn in under cover, ready in a minute's time to clear an opening for themselves and receive an attacking force with grape and canister, as on the morning of the 18th of June. Accordingly, the guns of our own right attack continued to play vigorously on the Round Tower till a few minutes before noon on Saturday, notwithstanding that its own fire had all but entirely ceased the day before—an occasional shot from a single gun being all the reply it gave to the onslaught of the besieging artillery. On the Malakhoff, therefore, even more than on the Redan, which was to be stormed by our own men, did our guns direct their rendering the work a perfect furnace of exploding shells; and to the sustained vigour and precision of this practice is mainly to be attributed the success of the attack which followed. In the meantime nearly 30,000 French had been moved down into their advanced trenches before the Mamelon and other covering spots around it, under the command of General Bosquet.

Our own force, I am forgetting to mention, was under the chief direction of Sir Wm. Codrington, with General Markham as second in command; General Simpson himself being somewhere near the Twenty-one Gun Battery, but without any direct share in the management of the operations.

At twelve o'clock exactly, the fire of the batteries ceased, and the party of Zouaves, who led the French attack, dashed over the parapet of their advanced sap, and in less than a minute had crossed the intervening forty yards, and were scrambling up the parapet of the Round Tower. Contrary to all hope, the solitary gun on the proper right of the work was the only piece that received the assaulters with a discharge, and there was no time to reload it before our allies were inside the redoubt; the mischief inflicted by its one round of grape was but small. Swarm after swarm of our allies crowded up the steep embankment, till the whole parapet was literally covered with them, and then commenced such a fire of musketry as never echoed through the ravines round Sebastopol before. I can compare its unbroken continuity to nothing but the rattling tattoo of a thousand tenor drums. I have witnessed 70,000 men engaged in a general action; but the infantry fire delivered on the occasion was but as child's play compared with the ceaseless roll that poured in upon the Malakhoff, during Saturday's attack. As usual, no circumstantial or complete narrative of the operation can be given, from the habitual incommunicativeness which our allies observe in all their proceedings; but from one of the Zouaves who led the attack, I learn that the prepared resistance was less than had been expected. The enemy had been taken by surprise, and after a feeble stand made by the supports within the redoubt when the French entered, the place was vacated by its former holders, who kept up a running fire as they retired; reserves, however, were speedily brought up, but as the French continued to pour in at all points in more than an equal ratio, the two were soon overpowered, and in less than half-an-hour after the first Zouave scaled the parapet, the Malakhoff was won. The deafening roll of musketry, however, in no degree diminished, but swept on to the right towards the Little Redan, whose guns flanked the tower; here, and in the adjoining works, the struggle was continued for nearly a couple of hours, until the last Muscovite was driven from his cover, and the ground occupied by our allies.

In the meantime, however, our own assault had begun. But it must first be mentioned, that instead of having before them a work whose embrasures had been bunged-up and its guns silenced, like the Malakhoff, our men had to rush upon a line of battery nearly every piece in which was ready to receive them with grape and canister. The French, too, started from a line of trench only some forty yards from the point to be attacked, whilst our own troops were compelled to cross an open surface of full six times the extent, and that, too, under a direct and flanking fire from nearly a score of guns. It is needless to dilate upon the comparative difficulties of the two attacks; but whilst awarding to the French a full meed of praise for their brilliant gallantry on the occasion, I cannot be betrayed by any mawkish generosity into a concealment of the infinitely greater dangers involved in that portion of the day's achievements which fell to the lot of the British. On the day following the assault, I crossed over the space between our fifth parallel and the Redan, and was then able in some degree to realize the difficulty of making a run over such a distance and such ground under the desolating fire of some twenty 68-pounders loaded with grape and canister. Let all this be borne in mind, before any of your readers jump to the false conclusion that the French displayed a greater heroism than ourselves; for, raw and inexperienced as were many of our troops engaged, with some few exceptions they fought as became the conquerors of the Alma and Inkermann. As soon as the French had made good their footing in the Malakhoff a tricolor was run up to announce the triumph, and immediately after a small white flag—the signal appointed for the advance of our own men—was waved from the parapet of Mamelon. At the first glance of it, the order was pas-

sed on from General Codrington for the stormers to leave cover, and half a minute later Major Welsford and his party, carrying scaling ladders, bounded over the parapet of the boueyau. A volley of grape struck down nearly a third of them, poor Welsford included, but the remainder rushed gallantly on. In the meantime the Rifles, under Captain Fyers, kept up a vigorous and deadly fire on the embrasures, but the thick-matted mantlets with which these were curtained in a great measure counteracted this, and the grape continued to fly thick and fast over the death-space to be crossed. The second body of stormers followed quickly on the heels of those who were already placing the ladders, and, being well supported by those behind, were soon inside the Redan. Here a murderous but brief struggle ensued, and before many minutes had elapsed since the first of our men gained the parapet, none of the enemy but the dead and dying remained within it. The Redan, like the Malakhoff, was won. And here I might have chaunted a psalm in honor of our unqualified triumph, too, had not the blundering mismanagement which has so often borne fruit in the sacrifice of our troops again turned up to deprive us of our full share of the glory of this memorable day. Instead of pouring in supports to the aid of those in possession of the redoubt, General Codrington—I believe I am only justly attributing the blame to him—for some mysterious strategic reasons known only to himself, kept back the troops who crowded the trenches in the rear till the enemy had time to bring up his over-powering reserves and clear the Redan of our men. The latter bravely, but vainly, attempted to make a stand, anxiously expecting every minute the arrival of supports; but no supports came, and they were swept back into the open to retreat under fresh storms of grape—for by another marvellous piece of neglect, no attempt at spiking the guns of the place had been made by those who had gained a footing inside. Orders for the withheld supports were then given, but in harmony with the blunder which had gone before, the intelligent aides-de-camp, who carried the commands, being about as ignorant of the topography of the trenches as of the interior of Sebastopol, stumbled on the wrong regiments, and ordered up the first brigade of the Light Division, which had been told off as the proper reserve. Evident, however, as was the blunder, the gallant "fighting 7th," led on by Major Turner, and the 23d, under Colonel Lysons, advanced to the renewed attack. The other regiments, who should have proceeded, followed in a state of beautiful pell-mell; and, under a fire of grape and canister before which the bravest columns of the Old Guard would have staggered, our young levies—for such were three-fourths of the troops engaged—were led on to regain the ground which had been lost through mismanagement before. It was not, however, in human nature to make headway under such an iron storm; the men turned, turned and fled back under cover of the parapet, leaving very many of their own number, and more in proportion of their officers, dead or dying on this field of death. Two young lieutenants, Wright and Colt, of the 7th, were amongst the killed, and three of the same rank of the 23d. Major Turner received a ball through his scalp—one of the narrowest escapes of the day—whilst Lieutenant Alma Jones, of fighting fame, was knocked over by a fragment of a shell. Colonel Lysons carried away a rifle bullet in his leg, and only three of all the remaining officers of these two crack regiments escaped untouched. From the failure of this second attempt, the attack became one of musketry fire over the parapet, aided by the guns of the Quarry and other batteries which bore upon the Redan. Brigadier Straubenzee, commanding the 1st Brigade of the Light Division, tried to induce his chief to storm again, offering to lead the assault with the still eager though shattered regiments of his own command; but Sir William declined repeating the attempt at that time. Thence on till dusk, we waged a futile war of musketry and artillery fire, which was vigorously replied to by the enemy, and night closed upon our men, discouraged and humbled that through mismanagement on the part of those with whom lay the direction of the assault, they had failed while the French

had triumphed. again to reap the on us by similar June, after having wounded, nearly and much more officers, of the Russian apotheg led on by donke illustrated; and jubilant with well humbled by the ved defeat.

Up till midnight the state of feel the camp, as al remained in the distant attack on won and lost. dawn another as continued at whi had been finally after all, but a signal and costly before the eyes However, there and so every one on Sunday more hundreds were tarnish cast up away. About however, the er blowing up the ing the redoubt the fact, though the explosion in of our own shei result was the s men being soon it was discove given up the g cordingly mar streaks of dayl waving over a been a prize. set in on the p had swept the left of the Mi line, from the of the Tchernu Allies—the R the French La ly evacuated. glers of the r the bridge of destroyed whi the entire si couple of sma had been sun rose upon as topol had ne splendid harb Even before several mines along and win during the sacrifice of th Fort Paul an buildings wh flames. An capture of S By early d dent that the of the town, crows to a ci ing appetites behind. As day during double lines along the through this on duty, or staff, was however, a given me b; the line, an of the prec time I reac our fifth p been gather having been men thrown of the Reda rowing eno a heart of s lay the bod blood had the huge di titude. Th dan had al so that I lo who had fa months' t struck an

General Codrington for the cover, and half a minute before his party, carriers, bounded over the parapet. A volley of grape nearly a third of them, poor devils, but the remainder rushed in the meantime the Russian Fyers, kept up a vigorous fire on the embrasures, but the mantlets with which these in a great measure counteracted the grape continued to fly over the death-space to be second body of stormers followed on the heels of those who laced the ladders, and, berthed by those behind, were Redan. Here a murderous mele ensued, and before many minutes since the first of our parapet, none of the enemy and dying remained within it. Like the Malakhoff, was won. Light have chanted a psalm in unequalled triumph, too, blundering mismanagement then borne fruit in the scrips again turned up to deprive here of the glory of this me. Instead of pouring in support of those in possession of the Redan—I believe I attributing the blame to him ysterious strategic reasons himself, kept back the troops the trenches in the rear till time to bring up his reserves and clear the Redan of a latter bravely, but vainly, make a stand, anxiously examine the arrival of supports came, and they were to the open to retreat under grape—for by another moment neglect, no attempt at spite of the place had been made had gained a footing inside. Withheld supports were then harmony with the blunder one before, the intelligent who carried the commands, ignorant of the topography as of the interior of Sebastopol on the wrong regiments, up the first brigade of the which had been told off as to arrive. Evident, however, as the gallant "fighting 7th," or Turner, and the 23d, regiments, advanced to the other regiments, who preceded, followed in a state of confusion; and, under a fire of grape before which the bravest Old Guard would have stagging levies—for such were of the troops engaged—were in the ground which had ough mismanagement before. However, in human nature to under such an iron storm; I, turned and fled back under arapet, leaving very many of ber, and more in proportion s, dead or dying on this field o young lieutenants. Wright e 7th, were amongst the kil- of the same rank of the 23d. received a ball through his the narrowest escapes of the eutenant Alma Jones, of was knocked over by a frag- ill. Colonel Lysons carried illet in his leg, and only three aining officers of these two s escaped untouched. From this second attempt, the at- ne of musketry fire over the l by the guns of the Quarry teries which bore upon the idier Straubenzee, command- e of the Light Division, e his chief to storm again, d the assault with the still shattered regiments of his l; but Sir William declined ttempt at that time. Thence e waged a futile war of musk- ry fire, which was vigorously e enemy, and night closed e, discouraged and humbled ismanagement on the part of m lay the direction of the ad failed while the French

had triumphed. It seemed if we were again to reap the bitter experience entailed on us by similar causes on the 18th of June, after having lost, in killed and wounded, nearly half the number of men, and much more than that proportion of officers, of the whole force engaged. The Russian apothegm of "an army of lions led on by donkeys," had once more been illustrated; and whilst our Allies were jubilant with well-earned success, we were humbled by the consciousness of undeserved defeat.

Up till midnight, such was pretty much the state of feeling prevalent throughout the camp, as also amongst the men who remained in the trenches keeping up the distant attack on the work which they had won and lost. It was known that with dawn another assault would be made, and continued at whatever cost till the redoubt had been finally gained; but this hope was, after all, but a feeble consolation after the signal and costly repulse we had sustained before the eyes of the triumphant French. However, there was nothing else for it; and so every one anxiously awaited daylight on Sunday morning, when, our slaughtered hundreds were to be avenged, and the tarnish cast upon our military honour wiped away. About an hour after midnight, however, the enemy forestalled all this by blowing up their magazine, and abandoning the redoubt. Such, it is presumed, was the fact, though it is not improbable, that the explosion may have been caused by one of our own shells. Be this as it may, the result was the same; and on a party of our men being soon after sent out to reconnoitre, it was discovered that the Russians had given up the game. Our troops were accordingly marched in, and the first grey streaks of daylight saw the British ensign waving over a surrender which had already been a prize. Long before darkness had set in on the previous evening, the French had swept the chain of works on the proper left of the Malakhoff; and thus the whole line, from the Quarantine Fort to the mouth of the Tchernaya, was in the hands of the Allies—the Russian batteries opposed to the French Left having been simultaneously evacuated. Dawn showed the last stragglers of the retiring enemy hurrying over the bridge of boats, which was promptly destroyed when they had crossed; and as the entire shipping—one frigate and a couple of small steamers alone excepted—had been sunk during the night, the sun rose upon as desolate a scene as if Sebastopol had never been inhabited, nor its splendid harbour covered with ships of war. Even before the blow-up of the Redan, several mines had been fired by the enemy along and within their line of works, and during the night they consummated the sacrifice of their stronghold by blowing up Fort Paul and firing nearly all the principal buildings which had not already been in flames. And thus ended the attack and capture of Sebastopol.

By early daylight, as soon as it was evident that the enemy had indeed cleared out of the town, the French crowded in, like crows to a carrion, to gorge their plundering appetites with what spoil had been left behind. As on the whole of the previous day during the progress of the attack, double lines of cavalry sentries were posted along the whole front of our camp; and through this impassable barrier no one not on duty, or not belonging to the omnipotent staff, was allowed to go. About noon, however, armed with a pass, courteously given me by General Simpson, I crossed the line, and proceeded down to the scene of the preceding day's carnage. By the time I reached the fatal opening in front of our fifth parallel, however, the dead had been gathered off the ground—the officers having been taken to the camp, and the men thrown into the deep and broad ditch of the Redan. And there was a sight harrowing enough to effect nerves of iron and a heart of stone: piled up, row upon row, lay the bodies of the brave fellows whose blood had gained our triumph, nearly filling the huge dike—a ghastly and mangled multitude. Those who had died within the Redan had also been gathered into the ditch; so that I looked upon nearly all the British who had fallen in this last scene of an eleven months' tragedy. The first fact which struck an observer was, that nearly all who

lay there were old soldiers, men who had borne the heat and burthen of the day—hardly a beardless face was to be seen; the second, the calmness which appeared on almost every countenance, even where the death-wounds had been the most severe. Some, whose death must have been instantaneous, lay with unclosed eyes "gazing on the sky," and but for the glazed pupils and ghastly countenance, might have been supposed basking for pleasure in the sun; whilst others again stretched out in all the seeming composure of a calm sleep. Amongst them lay a few Russians, hideous in their rags and dirt, but displaying likewise but few of the harrowing traces of acute or prolonged death throes. As I passed over this bridge of corpses into the interior of the Redan, a fatigue party was already beginning to shovel in the parapet upon the bodies, many of whom thus found a grave on the spot where they fell. The enemy had carried off nearly all their dead and wounded, which accounted for the fewness of the former found inside the redoubt. Terrible were the traces of our fire which here met the eye; to say nothing of dismantled guns, shattered platforms, and broken carriages, nearly every square yard of the place was torn up by round shot and exploded shell. How any human beings could have existed in such a pandemonium of explosive horrors, it puzzled every one who looked on the spot to conceive. The place had formerly been a vineyard, and was consequently honeycombed originally; but these small hollows had been knocked into every possible shape, and scarcely a foot of space was left, which had not been ploughed up by the fire of our own and the French guns.

Leaving, however, a more detailed description of the interior of this formidable work for a future letter, I pass on to the portion of the town at the base of the slope which it crowns; and here, for the first time, I got a glimpse of the utterly unknown extent of the injury which had been done to the town itself by our fire. As viewed even with the aid of a good glass from our most advanced parallel, not a tittle of the mischief was visible, except amongst the houses opposite the French left attack. But even here, in a portion of the place which everybody supposed to be comparatively uninjured, nothing but ruins met the eye. Shot and shells had smashed in roofs, penetrated and knocked down walls; and, in fact, left nearly every building one came to crumbling and shapeless masses of battered masonry. My exploration in this direction, however, was soon brought to a dead halt, for as I was crossing what had been a small vineyard behind one of the main buildings which led down to the Admiralty and Fort Nicholas, a rascally French sentry ordered me to stop, and before I had time to ask why, the scoundrel deliberately levelled his piece and fired, sending a bullet within a few inches of my head. As there was no replying to such arguments as this, I thought it best to prosecute my researches elsewhere, and so turned away to explore the main body of the town, on the opposite side of the Admiralty Creek. But at every step, I found Frenchmen poking into every nook and cranny, overhauling everything and appropriating whatever appeared worth carrying away. A few of our own men had managed to dodge the sentries, and were similarly employed; but, besides being numerically only as one to a hundred of the Gauls, they went about the business with a clumsiness and evident inexperience which contrasted strikingly with the practised tact and professional ability of the red-breeched *enfants* around. In descending the slope which leads down to the head of the Creek, I came in sight of piles of new cannon and shot, ranged as one may see them along the river front of Woolwick Arsenal—on both sides of the Creek. Certainly this was contradiction of the generally believed reports of the enemy's shortness of guns and ammunition; and similar evidence met my eye at every battery I passed—shot, shell, grape, canister, powder, and musket cartridges seemed everywhere abundant. On gaining the summit of the opposite slope, on and beyond which the main body of the town is situated, French, nothing but French, were to be met with, the majority of them drunk, and

all laden with every conceivable kind of plunder. Chairs, tables, looking glasses, church ornaments, poultry, kegs of brandy, mattresses, bed clothes, cooking utensils,—every domestic moveable, in fact, that ever figured in a catalogue at the city auction mart, was being carried or dragged along by our light-fingered allies, whilst only at long intervals was an Englishman to be seen with a single article, and in three instances I found Frenchmen disputing their right to even these. More than one lament on our failure before the Redan was also uttered, and in one case, in which reproach was thrown into the teeth of a brawny Irish Grenadier by a diminutive Chasseur with more impudence than discretion, I take to myself the credit of having saved a subject of the Emperor from summary annihilation, Pat had laid hands on a bundle of crockeryware, and was proceeding comfortably along under the influence of a double allowance of rum, when the Frenchman, still worse off for liquor, came reeling by with a looking-glass under one arm and a couple of ducks under the other. "Ha! Redan no, Malakhoff yes; Ingeliese no bono!" spouted out the son of France, tapping the Irishman with impudent familiarity on the elbow. The "whirroo!" that followed was worthy of Donnybrook, and in an instant, dashing his crockery to the ground, Paddy grasped the Frenchman by the most capacious portion of his pantaloons, sent the looking-glass to shivers, and would have made work for the doctor out of its owner, if I had not at that moment come up to the rescue. Seeing Frenchmen hurrying to the scene of this tragi-comedy from all points, I deemed it best, for my countryman's own sake, to prevent his administering a chastisement which, however amply deserved, might have endangered the safety of the bestower, and so liberated the frightened impudent, and endeavoured to calm down the wrath of the infuriated Kerryman. This, however, was no easy task; but by endorsing his declaration of being able to beat ten Frenchmen any day I finally reduced the storm, and sent him on his way to the outskirts of the town.

[Another letter from the Daily News Correspondent, will appear in our next issue.]

A CRIMEAN HERO.—Lieutenant Brophy, of the 3d Royal Lancashire Militia has been presented by the Secretary of State for the War Department with a medal "for distinguished conduct in the field." Mr. Brophy was 16 years in the 63d Regiment, served with it in Burmah and India, and held the rank of Acting Sergeant-Major when he proceeded with that corps to the Crimea, in last September. He was present at the battles of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, for which he received the war medal and three clasps. At Inkerman, after his officers were shot down, he led his company against a large body of Russians, who had taken up an advantageous position behind a stone wall dislodged them; and chased them down the ravine at the point of a bayonet with great loss. On returning with his brave band, he found the colours of his regiment lying on the ground, and their defenders exposed to a murderous fire. Brophy immediately dashed up, seized one of them, waved it round his head, and cheered on his comrades to a fresh attack. In this charge he was shot down, and, although severely wounded, he contrived to crawl to some neighbouring brushwood, where he concealed the colour and lay by as if dead, the Russians at that moment being in full retreat, and occupied in bayoneting both killed and wounded in their path, at about 40 yards from him. After this he crawled for about two miles, and delivered up the colour in safety. Shortly afterwards Mr. Brophy was sent on board a transport, and in the terrible storm of the 14th of November nearly suffered shipwreck. He was then removed to the Scutari Hospital, where, by the kind attentions of Miss Nightingale and Dr. Irwin, of the 23th, he was, by the 14th of January, so far recovered as to proceed to England. He has since been presented with a Lieutenantcy and Paymastership in the depot of the 3d Lancashire Militia, with other rewards for his gallant and meritorious services.

**TO MILLERS.**

**Camel Hair Bolting Cloth.**  
HASZARD & OWEN have much pleasure in announcing to their customers that they have received this day, a new supply of the above, Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, which they offer for sale at 10 per cent below former prices.

**FOR SALE**

THAT beautifully situated farm at Darnley, known as the Subscriber's, it contains 100 acres of land in a high state of cultivation; it is a leasehold for 999 years, the yearly rent is £5 11s 1d, currency, there are on the premises a large two-story dwelling House, a large and convenient Barn, with a Threshing Mill, and an out-house for a Granary.

Also, a small farm, containing 24 acres of freehold land, situate in Princetown Royalty, within a few chains of the Darnley Bridge; the above mentioned properties are well worth the attention of persons wishing to purchase. For further particulars enquire of  
WM. E. CLARK,  
Charlottetown, 12th September, 1855. wts

**Grand Division.**

NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual Session of the Grand Division, S. of T. of this Island, will be held on Thursday the 25th day of October, instant, at 4 o'clock p. m. in the Temperance Hall, Charlottetown. A full attendance is requested.  
By order,  
P. DESBRISAY, G. S.

Oct. 3, 1855.

JUST RECEIVED, per Schrs. 'SUPERB' from Halifax, and for Sale at DODD'S BRICK STORE, a splendid

**LOT OF TEA, SUGAR AND MOLASSES** which will be Sold Wholesale and Retail.  
THOMAS W. DODD.  
Oct. 5.

**FREEHOLD LAND**

FOR SALE, Lot 42, as laid down on the Plan of Township No. 55, bounded on the Division line between Townships No. 55 and 56, containing 100 acres of Land. It is near Boughden River, on the South side of the Island, and is covered with good Wood. For further particulars apply to  
JAMES D. HASZARD,  
Recreation, Sept. 27th, 1855.

**Valuable and desirable**

**Freehold Property for Sale.**

TO BE SOLD, that valuable and highly cultivated Farm and Premises, elegantly and beautifully situated on the Princetown Road, about one mile from Charlottetown, known as Willow Farm, the property of the Subscriber. This Farm contains about Eighty-four (84) acres, all under cultivation, divided into eleven parts or fields, besides a Kitchen Garden, suitably laid out, and well fenced, with ponds of water in six fields; a large amount has recently been expended on this property, in the application of manure, to put it in the best state of improvement, and the present Crop bears testimony to its productiveness. There is on the premises a comfortable Dwelling House recently built, with a deep and spacious Cellar, and an extensive range of Barns and Stables, all new, with room for a large Crop of Grain and Hay, with a Granary, Horse Stable, Cow Houses, Piggery, Fowl House, and Yard, and also, a convenient Greenhouse.

If the above property is not disposed of in one month from this date, it will be let for a term of years. The Subscriber also offers for sale, the whole or any part of his well known properties in Charlottetown and Georgetown. A large portion of the purchase money of which, (if required), may remain on security for such time as may be agreed upon.  
Charlottetown,  
September 4th, 1855  
JAMES PEAKE.

TO LET with immediate possession, the southeast end of the House recently built on the corner of Great George and Kent Streets, and next to that occupied by Messrs. Gahan & Co. The cellar is 24 feet by 50, has a substantial wall, is over 7 feet deep and is perfectly dry. There is on the first floor a shop 20 feet in front and 30 feet in depth; also a front Entrance, a Hall in rear of the shop and two other apartments. There are on the second floor one room 24 feet by 15, one 20 feet by 15 and two about 11 feet by 12, and the third floor nearly corresponds with the second. There are three rooms on the fourth floor and a fine view of the Harbour, the Rivers and the Country round, there is also attached to the premises a new Ware-house and it is one of the best stands in this City for Mercantile or any other business. Further information may be obtained by applying to  
THOMAS DAWSON.  
July 14th, 1855.

**JOHN T. THOMAS**

requests all persons indebted to him, on account of his late Business, to settle their respective Accounts immediately, with  
Mr. W. E. DAWSON,  
who is duly authorized to receive the same.





HORRORS OF THE HOSPITAL OF SEBASTOPOL.

Of all the pictures of the horrors of war which have ever been presented to the world, the hospital of Sebastopol presents the most heart-rending and revolting. It cannot be described, and the imagination of a Fuseli could not conceive anything at all like unto it. How the poor human body can be mutilated and yet hold its soul within, when every limb is shattered, and every vein and artery is pouring out the life stream, one might study here at every step, and at the same time wonder how little will kill! The building used as an hospital is one of the noble piles inside the dockyard wall, and is situate in the centre of the row at right angles to the line of the Redan. The whole row was peculiarly exposed to the action of shot and shell bounding over the Redan, and to the missiles directed at the Barrack Battery, and it bears in its sides, roofs, windows and doors, frequent and destructive proofs of the severity of the cannonade. Entering one of these doors, I beheld such a sight as few men, thank God, have ever witnessed! In a long, low room, supported by square pillars, arched at the top, and dimly lighted through shattered and unglazed window frames, lay the wounded Russians who had been abandoned to our mercies by their General. The wounded, did I say? No, but the dead, the rotten and festering corpses of the soldiers who were left to die in their extreme agony, untended, uncaressed, packed as close as they could be stowed, some on the floor, others on wretched trestles and beds, or pallets of straw, sopped and saturated with blood, which oozed and trickled through upon the floor, mingled with the droppings of corruption. With the roar of exploding fortresses in their ears, with shells and shot forcing through the roof and sides of the rooms in which they lay, with the crackling and hissing of fire around them, those poor fellows, who had served their loving friend and master the Czar but too well, were consigned to their terrible fate. Many might have been saved by ordinary care. Many lay, yet alive, with maggots crawling about in their wounds. Many nearly mad by the scenes around them, or seeking escape from it in their extreme agony, had rolled away under the beds, and glared out on the heart-stricken spectators, oh! with such looks. Many with legs and arms broken and twisted, the jagged splinters sticking through the raw flesh, implored aid, water, food, or pity, or, deprived of speech by the approach of death, or by dreadful injuries on the head or trunk, pointed to the lethal spot. Many seemed bent alone on making their peace with Heaven. The attitudes of some were so hideously fantastic, as to appal and root one to the ground by a sort of dreadful fascination. Could that bloody mass of clothing and white bones ever have been a human being, or that burnt, black mass of flesh have ever had a human soul? It was fearful to think what the answer must be. The bodies of numbers of men were swollen and bloated to an incredible degree, and the features distended to a gigantic size, with eyes protruding from the sockets, and the blackened tongue lolling out of the mouth, compressed tightly by the teeth which had set upon it in the death rattle, made one shudder and reel round. In the midst of one of these "chambers of horrors"—for there were many of them—were found some dead and some living English soldiers, and among them poor Captain Vaughan, of the 90th, who has since succumbed to his wounds. I confess it was impossible for me to stand the sight, which horrified our most experienced surgeons—the dead, clammy stench, the smell of the gangrened wounds, of corrupt blood, of rotting flesh, were intolerable and odious beyond endurance. But what must the wounded have felt, who were obliged to endure all this, and who passed a way without a hand to give them a cup of water, or a voice to say one kindly word to them. Most of these men were wounded on Saturday—many perhaps on the Friday before—indeed, it is impossible to say how long they might have been there. In the hurry of their retreat, the Muscovites seem to have carried in dead men to get them out of the way, and to have put them upon the pallets in horrid mockery. So that their retreat was secured, the enemy cared but little for their wounded. On Monday only did they receive those whom we sent out to them during a brief armistice for the purpose, which was, I believe, sought by ourselves, as our overcrowded hospitals could not contain, and our overworked surgeons could not attend to any more.

The Great Redan was next visited. Such a scene of wreck and ruin! All the houses behind it a mass of broken stones—a clock turret, with a shot right through the clock—a pagoda in ruins—another clock tower with all the clock destroyed save the dial, with the words "Barwise, London," thereon—cook-houses, where human blood was running among the utensils; in one place a shell had lodged in the boiler and blown it and its contents, and probably its inhabitants, to pieces. Every where wreck and destruction. This evidently was a *bona quartier* once. The oldest inhabitants could not recognise it now. Climbing up to the Redan, which was fearfully encumbered with the dead, we witnessed the scene of the desperate attack and defence, which cost both sides so much blood.

The ditch outside made one sick—it was piled up with English dead, some of them scorched and blackened by the explosion, and others lacerated beyond recognition. The quantity of broken gabions and gun-carriages here was extraordinary, the ground was covered with them. The bomb proofs were the same as in the Malakhoff, and in one of them a music book was found, with a woman's name in it, and a canary bird and vase of flowers were outside the entrance.

THE SINKING OF THE RUSSIAN STEAMERS.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 13.—As the Russian steamers were still intact, notwithstanding the efforts of the French battery at the head of the roads near Inkermann to touch them up, it was resolved to construct a battery on the ruins of Fort Paul, within 700 yards of the northern shore, under which they had taken refuge. The steamers lay in three irregular lines to the eastward of Fort Catharine, where the deep creeks in the high cliffs gave them some sort of shelter against the fire of the French. There they were agents of much mischief and injury to the allies since the battle of Inkermann down to this time. There was the famous Vladimir, with her two large funnels and elegant clipper hull; the Ebauf, the steamer which made the celebrated dash into the Black Sea through all our fleet, last year, and burned some Turkish vessels, near Hercules, just as the Vladimir was seen in Odessa harbor, in the month of July, 1854; there was the Grossomontez, which had caused such annoyance from the Dockyard Creek, and there were five others with hard and, to me, unknown names, as calmly floating on the water as though no eager eyes were watching from every battery to lay a gun upon them. A number of very capacious dockyard lumps and row boats were also secured in these creeks, or hung on by the steamers. In the course of the afternoon of the 11th (Tuesday,) some of the Russian guns in the ruined battery below the Redan were turned on these steamers, and in a few rounds, not more than twelve I think, succeeded in hulling them eight times. The range was, however, rather great, and it became expedient to move a little nearer, in order to afford them the full advantage of our shot and shell. On Tuesday evening, when Lieutenant Gough, of the London, who commanded in naval batteries on the left attack, came down with his men, he was ordered to take his relief over to the right attack, and to accompany Lieutenant Anderson, R. E., down to the town, in order to erect a battery for two 95 cwt. guns on the right of St. Paul's Battery. The site of this battery was about 700 yards from Fort Catharine, on the opposite side. The men, although deprived of the quiet night and undisturbed repose they anticipated, set to work with a will, and began throwing up the parapet, filling gabions, and as it was possible that some interruption of the work might take place from the other side, a covering party of 120 men was ordered down from the trenches. There were French sentries in charge of this portion of the place, and the little party found that their allies were on the *qui vive*, and were keeping a sharp look out on all sides. The men had been working some time when it was observed that one of the enemy's steamers had left the north side, and was slowly and noiselessly dropping down on the very spot where the sailors and the covering party were at their labors. The night was dark, but they could clearly make out the steamer edging down upon them, and coming closer and closer. Every moment they expected her guns to open on them with grape and canister. The men therefore lay down on their faces, and kept as near the ground as they could, and the steamer came over gently, till she was within about 100 yards of the very spot where they had been working. They heard her anchor splash into the water, and then the rattle of her cable as it ran through the hawse hole. Now, certainly, they were "going to catch it," but no, the Russian opened no port and showed no light, but seemed to be making himself comfortable in his new quarters. Captain Villiers of the 47th, who commanded all the covering party, ordered his men to observe the utmost silence, and the same injunction was given to the seamen. About 2.30 in the morning, when she had been an hour or so in her novel berth, a bright light was perceived in her fore hatchway. The leading steamer on the opposite side in a second afterwards exhibited gleams of equal brightness, and then one! two! three! four! five!—as though from signal guns, the remaining steamers, with one exception, emitted jets of fire from their bows. The jets soon became columns of flame and smoke—the wind blew fresh and strong and the night was dark, so that the fire spread with rapidity along the vessels and soon lighted, speedily licked and warmed into a fiery glow, and the rigging burst out into fitful wavering lines of light struggling with the wind for life, the yards shed lambent showers of sparks and burning splinters upon the water. The northern works could be readily traced by the light of the conflagration, and the faces of the Russian soldiers and sailors who were scattered about on the face of the cliff shone out now and then and justified Rembrandt. The work of destruction sped rapidly. The vessels were soon nothing

but huge arks of blinding light, which hissed and crackled fiercely, and threw up clouds of sparks and embers, and the guns, as they became hot, exploded, and shook the crazy hulls to atoms. One after another they went down into the seething waters. The cavalry out on the plains wondered what great conflagration had broken out anew in the town. At daybreak only one steamer remained. A boat pushed alongside her from the shore. They boarded her and after remaining below about ten minutes, returned to their boat and regained the shore. Very speedily the vessel began to be seized with a sort of internal convulsion—first she dipped her bows, then her stern, then gave a few uneasy shakes, and at length, after a short shiver, went down bodily, cleverly scuttled. Thus was Sinope avenged. Of the men who planned, the sailors who executed, and the ships which were engaged on that memorable expedition, scarcely one trace now remains. Korniloff, Natchimoff, Istommine, and their crews have disappeared: their vessels now rest at the bottom of the roadstead of Sebastopol. The Russians prefer being agents of their own destruction, and did not give the conqueror a chance of parading the fruits of his victory. We can only derive the enemy to the option of destroying or of doing the work for him, and he invariably prefers the former. The Russians are fortifying themselves on the north side. The French are gone towards Balaklava. Our naval brigade, after long, brilliant, and ill-requited services, is to be broken up at once.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 14.—The silence in camp is almost alarming; were it not for a gun now and then between the town and the north side, and across the Tchernaya, it would be appalling. There is an English-French commission sitting in the town. Colonel Windham is commandant of the British portion of it. The 3d Buffs have received orders to occupy it, and the French garrison is strengthened. The enemy work all day at new batteries. The Guards are to make the roads between Balaklava and camp. The army works' corps, like all bodies of men who come out from England to this climate, have suffered severely from disease and death, and up to the present time not less than sixteen per cent. of the navies and artificers have died from different forms of malady. One ship, which sailed some time ago from home with a considerable number of them has not yet reached Balaklava, though she is considerably beyond her time. The corps at present here does not exceed 540 efficient men, and they are principally employed in trenching and repairing the railway, which is a vital and all-important work. Sir H. Jones made an application to Mr. Doyle to send a portion of his men into the trenches, to assist in the siege approaches, but the latter very prudently urged on the general the necessity of getting the railway into proper order, and the bad economy of placing skilled labourers in a position which would certainly not conduce to the satisfactory development of their capabilities, as no untrained and undisciplined men, without arms or military habits and experience, could be expected to pursue their work calmly and energetically with round shot and grape tearing through them, and shell bursting amid their ranks. At the same time Mr. Doyle and the gentlemen employed as officers of the corps, expressed their readiness to lead their men into the trenches, if the general of engineers required him to do so. The reasons urged against such a mode of employing the corps prevailed, and they are now engaged in the more safe and peaceful works for which they are peculiarly fitted. Locomotives and stationary engines have been applied for, and will speedily be sent out to prepare the railway more adequately for its herculean task in winter, and Mr. Doyle expects an augmentation of five hundred men to the corps under his command. The sickness which harassed the first comers is now of a milder type, and diminishes daily in virulence. Many of the men have suffered from their own recklessness in eating and drinking; but it is also a fact, that some of the steadiest and most sober men in the corps shared the fate of their imprudent and thoughtless comrades. In the hour of their illness, these men, in common with many others, have found in kind successful physician. Close to the railway, half way between the Col. de Balaklava and Kadakof, Mrs. Saecole, formerly of Kingston and of several other parts of the world, such as Panama and Chagres, has pitched her abode—an iron storehouse, with wooden sheds and outlying tributaries, and here she doctors and cures all manner of men with extraordinary success. She is always in attendance near the battle-field to aid the wounded, and has earned many a poor fellow's blessing. The Diamond, Wasp, and Leander go home at once.

Saturday, Sept. 15, 10 a.m.—No news. The Russians still fortifying the north side. The four monster shells which have been manufactured at the Lowmoor Iron Works, and which are the most perfect specimens of that description of workmanship that have as yet arrived at the arsenal, have been taken from the laboratory, and formed into a pile outside the old model room door. The immense mortar which is to propel these gigantic missiles of war which will weigh 22 tons, has not yet arrived.

CIVIC AFFAIRS.—We are pleased to learn that the City Council has passed a sanitary Law for the City, containing regulations for the removal or abatement of various nuisances that are so objectionable at present. A Law for the regulation of Truckmen, is before the Council.

Port of Charlottetown.

ARRIVED.  
Oct. 15, Schr. Matilda, Le Blang, Newfoundland; bal. Three Brothers, Boudrot, Arichat, do. Bark Ann Roddin, Liverpool; goods to D. Roddin, Esq. 16th, Brig. Melora, Bay Verte, for England. Schr. Uaicour, Buetouche; deal. Charlotte, Le Blang, do. do. Lady Le Marchant, Shediac; mails. Hope, Roberts, Pictou; coal. Jason, West Point; lumber.  
SAILED.  
Oct. 16, Lady Le Marchant, Pictou; mails. Brig. Monte, Criste, Bathurst; goods.  
SHIP NEWS.  
SEPTEMBER 29.—Sailed from Cumberland Hill, Grand River, Lot 55, American Brig "Caroline," Stockfield, Master, for Bath, Maine, ship knees. October 4.—Schooner "Packet," Babin, Master, for Arichat; lumber—by J. M. Johnston.

New Books!

HASZARD & OWEN have JUST RECEIVED this day, per "Majestic," 1 case BOOKS, from Edinburgh, among which, are a new supply of CHAMBERS' PUBLICATIONS, viz.—Chambers' Information, English Literature, Journal of Popular Literature, new series, Jan. to July, 1855. Pictorial History of England, 1st volume.—A History of the People as well as of the Kingdom, illustrated with many hundred Wood Engravings, to be completed in 10 volumes. Chambers' Pocket Miscellany. Tales for the Road and Rail. Mathematics. Algebra. Geometry. Arithmetic. Book-keeping & Natural Philosophy and Science, in all its branches, &c.

Also, from Messrs. Oliver & Boyd, Eton Latin Grammar; Edward's Latin Delectus; Dymock's Caesar; Reid's English Dictionary; Fulton's Johnston's do.; Hutton's Book-keeping; Bridges' Algebra & Key; Key to Lennie's Grammar; Mangall's Questions; Markham's England; Markham's France; Stewart's Modern Geography; Cumming's Signs of the Times, urgent questions; Protestant Discussion with D. French, Esq., &c.

FALL SUPPLIES.

JUST RECEIVED ex "Sea Star" from Boston and for sale by the Subscriber:—  
Pie or Bread and Confectionary in great variety  
Crackers of all kinds,  
Rice, Dighy Herrings, Apples,  
Tea, Chocolate, Soap, Pepper, Snuff, Tobacco,  
Cigars, best quality,  
Nuts in variety, Fancy Soaps,  
Matches, Pickles, Cakes Flavouring,  
Gentlemen's fancy Dress Boots,  
Ladies' and Misses fancy Boots,  
Ladies and Gents Rubbers,  
Ladies dress Shields,  
Together with a variety of small Wares and Yankee notions.  
N. B. Plain and fruit Cakes baked to order.  
EMILY CANTELO.  
Oct. 13, 1855.

TO BE SOLD At Public Auction.

AT THE OLD COURT HOUSE, Charlottetown, on Tuesday the 30th October next, at twelve o'clock, if not previously disposed of by private Sale, all that tract of land situate on Township No. 19, known as the Douglas Estate comprising 1630 Acres. This property is freehold and under Lease to various Tenants at an annual rent of one shilling currency per acre. An indisputable title will be given. A plan of the property may be seen and other particulars made known on application to the undersigned.  
ROBERT STEWART.  
Charlottetown, Aug 28th, 1855.

Fall 1855. Duncan, Mason & Co.

SUCCESSORS TO A. & J. DUNCAN & CO. GENERAL Importers wholesale and retail have JUST RECEIVED, ex Barque Isabel, a large assortment of—  
GOODS  
SUITABLE FOR THE PRESENT AND APPROACHING SEASON.  
Brick Building, corner of Queen and Dorchester Streets. City of Charlottetown, Oct. 8, 1855.

CAUTION!

WHEREAS, SARAH ROPER, a servant in my employ, has left my service without fulfilling her engagement, this is to caution all persons from employing the said SARAH ROPER, without her producing a written discharge, otherwise, they will be prosecuted as the Law directs.  
GEO. T. HASZARD.

Cod Liver Oil.

WARRANTED Pure and Fresh, sold by the Bottle, or in any quantity wished.  
W. R. WATSON.

HASZARD & OWEN  
PUBLISHED  
Established 1823  
NEW BOOKS  
Just issued from the Press of F. Haszard & Owen, price 2s.  
The Constitution of the Government of Newfoundland  
IN its Legislative and Executive Departments containing the Rules of the Legislative Council and House of Representatives.  
JOHN LITTLE, Esq., Barrister.  
Union of the Organization of the People  
THE SPEECH on the Union delivered by the Hon. Joseph Scott, Legislator, in February 1855, and Mr. Howe's LETTER in Reply—the whole forming a pamphlet just been published, and is now for sale by Haszard & Owen's Book Store. Price threepence.  
Sept. 27, 1855.  
Lippincott's Cloth WEST RIVER, PICTOU  
THE Subscriber would inform that NEW Establishment for dress to his old Mills, and having power, he will be able to do works.  
AGENTS: MR. KENNETH MCKENZIE, ANDREW A. McDONALD, Esq. Cloth left with either of the finished and returned with usual.  
Aug. 15.  
New Book HASZARD & OWEN have JUST RECEIVED this day, per "Majestic," Edinburgh, among which, are a new supply of CHAMBERS' PUBLICATIONS, viz.—Chambers' Information, English Literature, Journal of Popular Literature, new series, Jan. to July, 1855. Pictorial History of England, 1st volume.—A History of the People as well as of the Kingdom, illustrated with many hundred Wood Engravings, to be completed in 10 volumes. Chambers' Pocket Miscellany. Tales for the Road and Rail. Mathematics. Algebra. Geometry. Arithmetic. Book-keeping & Natural Philosophy and Science, in all its branches, &c.  
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